

The Mirror

OF

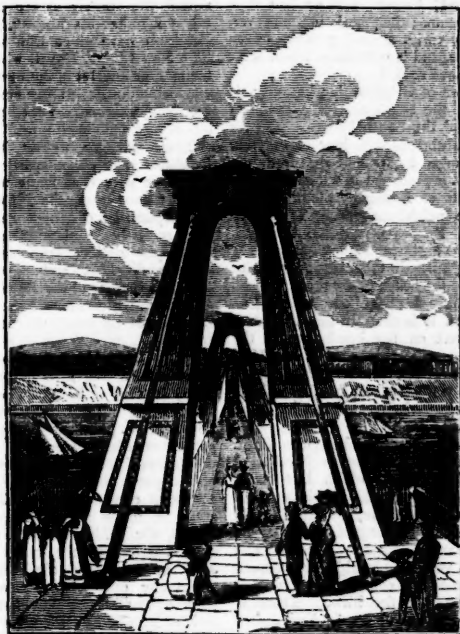
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLV.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Watering Places, No. I.—Brighton.



BRIGHTON CHAIN PIER.

THE watering and sea-bathing places in Great Britain are so much an object of attraction in summer, and some of them even in winter, that we doubt not we shall be doing an acceptable service to the readers of the MIRROR in making them the subject of a series of articles, which we shall illustrate with views of objects the most interesting. Of general advantages of sea air and sea-bathing, we require no better evidence than the healthy appearance of the inhabitants along the coast and the sea-port towns, when contrasted with those who live secluded in cities. As, however, the subject of sea-bathing will be treated of in a separate article, which shall appear in our

VOL. VI.

I

next Number, we shall do nothing more here than refer to it.

In commencing our descriptive account of the principal sea-bathing places, we have selected Brighton on account of its being honoured with the occasional residence of the King and a great portion of the nobility and gentry, many of whom have splendid mansions, in which they reside as much as in town.

Brighton, or Brighthelmatope, as it was formerly called, has, like many other towns, risen from obscurity; for although it is a place of considerable antiquity, and once had strong fortifications, yet half a century ago it was an obscure place, little known, and scarcely ever visited except

by persons who lived in its immediate neighbourhood. Fortunately for Brighton, however, it attracted the notice of his present Majesty when Prince of Wales, and to his royal patronage it owes its extent, its wealth, and its popularity. It would be difficult to name the extent of a place which is constantly increasing; but at the last census of 1821, Brighton contained 3,947 houses, and no less than 24,429 persons; the population, however, necessarily varies according to the season of the year, and is sometimes much more than we have named.

The town of Brighton is pleasantly situated on the south side of a range of hills, called the South Downs. The air is very salubrious, the heat of summer being assuaged by fresh breezes from the sea; and it is protected in winter from the ruder blasts of Boreas by the hills in its immediate neighbourhood. The early history of Brighton possesses little interest to the antiquary, being known only as a fishing town: but there are the remains of a wall on the beach under the cliff, supposed to have been built by Queen Elizabeth, and it is thought that there was once a street on the beach, which the ocean usurped; this seems doubtful, though it is certain the sea has encroached considerably of late years, and that in 1699 it swept away about one hundred and thirty houses.

Brighton is of a quadrangular form, and the streets intersect each other at right angles; those which have been erected of late, particularly those to the eastward of the Steyne, consist of excellent houses, but in many of the old streets the houses are of a motley character. The Steyne is a very fashionable promenade, which extends to a considerable distance, winding through the hills. There is also the New Steyne at the East end of the town, leading to Rottingdean, and the North Steyne or Level.

The principal building in Brighton is the Pavilion, once the favourite, but now deserted, residence of his Majesty. It was commenced in 1784, and has been enlarged by various additions at an immense expense. It is situated near the North-West corner of the Steyne, and originally consisted of a circular building crowned with a dome, and a range of apartments on each side. In 1802, two wings were added, and its front now extends a length of two hundred feet. The architecture of the exterior resembles that of the Kremlin at Moscow,* and the interior is furnished in the Chinese style.

* For a view and description of the Kremlin of Moscow, and an account of its destruction, see THE MIRROR, No. 71.

The grounds attached to the Pavilion are well laid out, and on the North side of them a splendid suite of stables has been erected for the royal stud. On the East side it was intended to build a racket court, but it is unfinished. The King has not resided at the Pavilion for nearly two years; some attribute his absence to the advice of his physicians, who represented the sea air as too keen; while others say that his Majesty's subjects at Brighton have given him some offence. The New Chapel Royal, which was consecrated on the 1st of January, 1822, was originally the assembly-rooms, and thus the place where men went, perhaps, "to mock, now remain to pray."

There are no public buildings in Brighton that claim particular notice, unless we give that name to that ingenious construction, the New Chain Pier and Esplanade, of which our engraving gives so faithful a view. The Chain Pier and Esplanade have been constructed under the direction and superintendence of Capt. Brown, of the Royal Navy, the gentleman under whose direction the first structure of the kind, that at Leith, was erected.

Many doubts have been expressed of the capabilities of a pier, constructed on piles, as that at Brighton is, to sustain the attacks which will be made upon it by the S. W. gales and heavy seas which prevail occasionally on this part of our coast; but there are many proofs existing of the power of piles to resist the sea on the most exposed coasts. These proofs are to be found in the existence of the Sheers, the Whittaker, the Gunfleet, and other beacons on the north coast; the Jetty at Yarmouth, the Pier at Ostend, and many others have stood firm for years against heavy seas from the S. E. and N. E., and no reason can be assigned why the Chain Pier at Brighton should not be equally capable of resisting effectually all the wrath of Old Neptune.

The pier is erected directly opposite the new Steyne, some feet from the end of which an excavation was made for the reception of the four ponderous chains by which the whole fabric is suspended. These excavations run through the Cliff, across the Marine Parade, at the depth of 54 feet from the carriage-road, under which it runs. To the end of each chain is attached a large iron plate, weighing upwards of 2,500 lbs. weight; and after the chains had been thus secured the excavations were filled up with bricks and strong cement; thus rendering it almost impossible that the chains should draw in the slightest degree. The foundation of the pier is formed of four clus-

ters of piles, at the distance of about 260 feet from cluster to cluster. These piles were driven by the usual mode, namely, with the machine called by builders a monkey. The monkey used for this purpose weighed upwards of a ton weight. This was constructed on a raft movable from place to place to suit the convenience of the workmen. The first three clusters of piles consisted each of 20 in number, driven perpendicularly, besides horizontal ones, and bracings. The fourth cluster being on that which the head of the pier was laid, had 100 perpendicular piles, besides numerous ones driven diagonally with bracings and other binders, the whole being driven in the shape of the letter T. Galleries are erected below the platform at this point of the pier, with flights of stairs descending to the high and low water-marks, to facilitate the embarkation, or the landing of persons at different stages of the tide. The piles are driven into a bed of chalk, some to the depth of 10 feet; whilst others do not penetrate more than 7 feet, owing to the resistance they met with. Their height above high water-mark is 14 feet.

Upon each cluster of piles two iron towers are erected, one on each side the platform. These towers are of a pyramidal form, and stand at the distance of about 12 feet from each other, and are connected at the top by an ornamental arch running across. The basements of these towers will be fitted up as shops for the sale of refreshments, reading-rooms, &c.

The platform itself is something more than 12 feet wide, and is formed of planks about four inches in thickness, somewhat raised in the centre to facilitate the running off the water in wet weather into a channel. Fixed at the extreme edge on each side the platform is a handsome iron railing, 3 feet 2 inches in height, which makes it safe; it runs the whole length of the pier at each side. The whole weight of the platform is supported by the chains which have been already mentioned, four in number on each side. Each chain consists of 104 links, or rods, 10 feet in length, and weighing individually, 112lbs. These rods, or links, are connected by movable joints, the junction-bolts being covered by a cap or saddle. These saddles are hollow, and from each of them a suspending rod, as it is denominated, runs downward and supports a strong bar of iron, on which the rafters upon which the platform is laid, rest. With the exception of the flooring, and the rafters on which it is laid, the bridge of the pier is

constructed of iron. The chains are of wrought iron, and each link five inches and a half in circumference. They are carried over the tops of the iron towers, and after passing over the tower at the greatest distance from the shore, the chains diverge in an angle of about 37 degrees, passing through the platform. They are bedded in the bottom with a weight of about 60 tons of Purbeck stone attached to them. The south west face of the pier is to be protected from being injured by vessels accidentally striking against it by a boom-chain, which passes from the head of the pier over a dolphin erected at some distance, and from thence carried to the shore, and there made fast with anchors.

The Esplanade, commencing at the end of the old Steyne, is constructed about midway between the top of the cliff and the beach, being raised several feet above high water-mark, having a carriage-road 24 feet in width, and a pavement, similar to that on the Steyne, for promenaders, upwards of 10 feet wide.—The bank is defended from the rolling surges by a substantial sea-wall, on the top of which is a neat railing of wood, about 3 feet 6 inches in height. This Esplanade, which is 1,250 feet in length, terminates at the entrance of the Chain Pier. The toll-house is at the commencement of the Esplanade.

There are twelve edifices devoted to religion in Brighton, exclusive of the Pavilion chapel already noticed. The church, which is somewhat ancient, is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and is situated on an eminence to the North-West of the town. It contains a curiously sculptured font, said to have been brought from Normandy in the eleventh century, and a monument to Capt. Nicholas Tetersell, who commanded a small vessel in which Charles II. embarked at Brighton, on the 14th of October, 1654, after the fatal battle of Worcester. The house now known by the name of the King Charles's Head was at the time kept by a landlord of the name of Smith, who recognised the Prince, but kept the secret either from loyalty, or other equally strong motives. Captain Tetersell, who, on the restoration, moored his vessel opposite Whitehall, to remind the King of the services he had rendered him, and who, in return, had a pension of 100*l.* a year to him and his heirs for ever, was buried in the church-yard of St. Nicholas, near the chancel door, and a block of black marble bears a memorial of his loyalty. It is intended to build a new church at Brighton very soon.

The Chapel Royal, which was erected

in 1793, and where his present Majesty and the royal family formerly attended divine service, is situated in Prince's-place. The Dissenting chapels are, Mr. Kemp's, in Ship-street; Lady Huntingdon's, in North-street; the Baptists', Bond-street; the Methodist chapel, St. James's-street; the Calvinists', Church-street; the Quakers' meeting, near the top of Ship-street; the Presbyterian church, Union-street; the Unitarian chapel, New-road; the Roman Catholic chapel, High-street; and the Jews' synagogue, West-street.

Hotels, inns, and boarding-houses form an interesting object in every watering-place; that they are invariably expensive is a general complaint: it is, however, fair to consider, that although they have to pay rent all the year, yet their opportunity of reimbursement is limited to a few months, and even that depends much on the weather. The principal hotels and inns are, the *New Steyne Hotel*, at the head of the New Steyne, which commands a full view of the sea, as does the *Marine Parade Hotel*; the *Royal York Hotel*, at the South end of the Old Steyne, is splendidly fitted up; the *New Inn and Hotel*; the *Old Ship Tavern and Assembly-Rooms*, where there are balls every Monday, and assemblies on the Thursdays; the *New Ship*, nearly opposite. There are also a number of inns, the *Star and Garter*; *White Horse*; *Norfolk Arms*; the *Regent Hotel*, New-road; the *Gloucester Hotel*, Gloucester-place; the *Pavilion Hotel*, Castle-square; and many other inns, where the accommodation and the expense necessarily vary. At the principal boarding-house, the terms are by consent uniformly two guineas and a half per week for board and lodging, exclusive of wine, or two guineas for board only. Servants and children, as at a show, at half price.

There are numberless houses where board and lodgings, particularly the latter, may be obtained at various prices. The market-days are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, though, as in London, the principal articles of consumption can be had any day except Sunday. Fish is generally dear at Brighton, notwithstanding the great quantity caught; for as it is the nearest fishing-town to London, the fishermen prefer a regular demand from the metropolis to the precarious trade at Brighton.

Among the amusements at Brighton, we may first name the theatre, which is situated between North-street and Church-street; it was built in 1807, but the first theatre opened in Brighton was built in 1789. The present theatre is neatly

fitted up, and frequented in proportion to the attractions it presents, or the number of visitors to Brighton. A cricket-ground and tea-garden (called Vauxhall), on the Lewes road, have been lately prepared for the athletic and the economical; and there is a club at Humphrey's, on the South-parade, for those who are blessed with the good things of this life, and wish to include play among their sea-bathing amusements. It consists of two hundred members, principally Members of the two Houses of Parliament. The members are elected by ballot; the admission fee is three guineas, and the subscription is the same sum annually.

Brighton of course contains a post office; it is situated in East-street, and the mail leaves nightly (Saturdays excepted) about ten o'clock: letters however should be there by nine o'clock, though for a penny they will be received at half-past nine, and if after that until ten for sixpence. The facility of travelling between Brighton and London is greater than between any two towns in England, and in summer, coaches are almost setting off every hour in the day from each place. The baths it is not necessary to enumerate, since every visitor soon makes himself acquainted with them. Some go to the subscription baths, but the machines are in the greatest request, the ladies usually resorting to those on the east, and gentlemen to those on the west of the town. Gilburd, at the New Steyne Hotel, pumps the water up every tide, a distance of 600 feet, through the rock of chalk, by means of a steam engine.

The visitor to Brighton ought to make his own health the first consideration, and take care to benefit as much as possible by sea air and sea bathing; he may also vary the monotony which an absence from friends may occasion, with the innocent amusements the town presents; but if he has any share of curiosity, and a due portion of good taste, he will participate freely in the walks and rides in the neighbourhood. Above all things let him go to the Devil's Dyke, which is about five miles distant, and decide if he can, whether art or nature has formed that singular cleft which divides the South Downs from Dyke Hill, though we advise him to be cautious how he looks down the precipitous sides of the chasm, lest, as Shakspeare says of the cliff at Dover, "he topple headlong." Dyke Hill commands a view of nearly the whole of Sussex and a considerable portion of Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent, with the whole of the Downs; it is indeed a beautiful panoramic view. Rotting-

dean, New Haven, Shoreham, and many other places in the vicinity of Brighton are worth visiting; we of course can only indicate the most prominent; but he is an indolent or incurious traveller who does not soon ascertain by one means or another what is really worthy of notice wherever he may go.

In concluding No. I. of the *Watering Places*, we may as well say that we shall be happy to receive descriptive communications (post paid) from residents and visitors; they can assist us much in giving what we are anxious to do, a very faithful and interesting account of the Watering and Sea Bathing towns in Great Britain.

Origins and Inventions.

No. V.

JURIES.

SOME authors have endeavoured to trace the original of juries up as high as the Britons themselves, the first inhabitants of our islands; but, certain it is, they were in use among the earliest Saxon colonies, this institution being ascribed by Bishop Nicholson to Woden himself, their great legislator and captain. When the Normans came in, William, though commonly called the Conqueror, was so far from abrogating this privilege of juries, that, in the fourth year of his reign, he confirmed all King Edward the Confessor's laws, and the ancient customs of the kingdom, whereof this was an essential and most material part. Afterwards, when the great charter, commonly called *Magna Charta*, which is nothing else than a recital, confirmation, and corroboration of our ancient English liberties, was made and put under the great seal of England in the 9th year of King Henry III. A.D. 1225, then was this privilege of trials by juries, in an especial manner, confirmed and established, as in the fourteenth chapter:—"That no amercement shall be assessed but by the oath of good and honest men of the vicinage." And more fully in the nine-and-twentieth chapter:—"No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or be disseized of his freehold or liberties, or free customs, or be outlawed or exiled, or any other way destroyed, nor shall we pass upon him, or condemn him, but by lawful judgment of his peers." This grand charter having been confirmed by above thirty Acts of Parliament, the said rights of juries thereby, and by constant usage and common custom of England, which is the common law, are brought down to us as our *undoubted birth-right*, and are, in fact,

the best inheritance of every Englishman.

"A jury of twelve men are, by our laws, the only proper judges of the matter on issue before them."—Coke's *Institutes*, pp. 4, 84. The king's justices are to take the verdict of the jury, and thereupon to give judgment according to law, for the office of a judge, as Coke well observes, is not to *make* any law by *forced interpretations*, but plainly and impartially to declare the law already established; or, in the words of Blackstone, "he is only to declare and pronounce, not to make or new model the law." In a word, as Lord Coke again observes, the jury must have the guilt proved to them, not by suspicion, not by conjecture or inference, but proved in all the *full unerring force that moral demonstration will allow*. And it is to be observed, as an excellent golden rule, that, in cases where the matter is doubtful, both lawyers and divines prescribe rather *favour* than *rigour*. The very eminent and learned judge, Fortescue, says, cap. 27, "That he had rather twenty evil doers should escape death, through tenderness or pity, than that *one* innocent man should suffer unjustly;" and again, as Lord Chief Justice Vaughan well says, in his Reports, p. 115, "If a man differ in opinion or judgment from his fellows, whereby they are kept a day and night, though his dissent may not in truth be as reasonable as the opinion of the rest that agree, yet, if his judgment be not satisfied, one disagreeing can be no more criminal than four or five disagreeing with the rest." And Lord Coke's most excellent advice, which he addresses to *all judges*, may, with not less propriety, be applied to jurors:—"Fear not to do right to all, and to deliver your verdicts justly, according to the laws; for, fear is nothing but a betraying of the succours that reason should afford; and if you sincerely execute justice, be assured of three things:

"1. Though some may traduce you, yet God will give you his blessing.

"2. That though thereby you may offend great men and favourites, yet you shall have the favourable kindness of the Almighty, and be his favourites.

"3. That, in so doing, God will defend you as with a shield; as the Psalmist says, 'For thou, Lord, wilt give a blessing unto the righteous, and with thy favourable kindness wilt thou defend him as with a shield.'

AGRICULTURE.

THE Egyptians ascribe the invention of Agriculture to Osiris, the Greeks to

Ceres and her son Triptolemus, and the Italians to Saturn or Janus. But the Jews, with more reason, ascribe this honour to Noah, who, immediately after the flood, set about tilling the ground and planting vineyards. Agriculture has been the delight of the greatest men. We are told, that Cyrus the younger, planted and cultivated his garden in a great measure with his own hands; and it is well known that the Romans took many of their best generals from the plough. Hollinshed says, "When Caesar invaded Britain, agriculture was unknown in the inner parts: the inhabitants fed upon milk and flesh, and were clothed with skins." "Julius Caesar," says history, "was of opinion that agriculture was first introduced into Britain by some of those colonies from Gaul which had settled in the southern part about 100 years before the Roman invasion." It appears that they were not unacquainted with the use of manures, particularly marle. Pliny tells us that it was peculiar to the people of Gaul, and of Britain; that its effects continued 80 years; and, that no man was known to marle his field twice. The establishment of the Romans in Britain, produced great improvements in agriculture, inasmuch, that prodigious quantities of corn were annually exported from the island; but when the Roman power began to decline, this, like all other arts, declined also; and was almost totally destroyed by the departure of that people. There are many curious laws respecting agriculture, particularly by the Saxon princes, one of which, by Ina, King of the West Saxons, who reigned in the 8th century, observes that a farm, consisting of 10 hides or ploughed lands, was to pay the following rent:—"10 casks of honey, 300 loaves of bread, 12 casks of strong ale, 30 casks of small ale, 2 oxen, 10 wethers, 10 geese, 20 hens, 16 cheeses, 1 cask of butter, 5 salmon, 20 pounds of forage, and 100 eels." Towards the 14th century, the progress of agriculture revived, and received very great improvement. In the 15th, it seems to have been cultivated as a science; being a no less honourable than profitable art, evidently held in the highest esteem among the ancients, and equally valued by the moderns. The practice of agriculture in many nations is patronised by the throne itself; as, for instance, the Emperor of China, attended by his court, ploughs up publicly, in the vicinity of Peking, a few ridges, in different parts of a field, with his own hand, to excite, by his example, the industry of the husbandman, afterwards sowing them with wheat, rice, millet, beans, and a sort of grain called

caoleang. This is performed by him every spring, and the produce is deposited in the imperial granary, for religious purposes. The husbandman whose superior skill in cultivating his lands entitles him to distinction, is constituted a mandarine of the eighth order, with permission to visit the governor of the city, and to sit in his presence; and, after his decease, this title of honour is registered in the hall of his ancestors. The Chinese collect every species of dung that seems calculated to give strength to the soil; and among the rest, the shavings of the head are preserved by the barbers, and produce them about a halfpenny a pound. They pull up the grain, after it has risen to a considerable height, for the purpose of planting it in checkered lines; and their lands are so smoothly rolled, that they resemble extensive gardens. The custom of ploughing is performed by the King of Siam, who ploughs annually a piece of land with his own hands. Agriculture is likewise held by the Tunisians in the highest estimation, as may be collected from the story of Mahomet, Bey of Tunis. This sovereign, being dethroned by his subjects, implored the protection of the Dey of Algiers, who promised to restore him to his government, on condition he would discover to him the grand secret of the philosopher's stone, of which he was reputed to be possessed; and, on his engaging to fulfil this agreement, he was reinstated in his kingdom. He then, with great pomp and ceremony, sent a vast quantity of plough-shares and mattocks to the Algerine prince; intimating that wealth could only arise from a proper cultivation of the earth; and that good crops might easily be converted into gold. In thrashing their corn, the Arabians lay the sheaves down in a certain order, and then lead over them two oxen, dragging a large stone. This mode of separating the ears from the straw is not unlike that of the Egyptians. In Syria, the sheaves are spread in the open fields, and oxen drag over them a plank loaded with stones. The Arabians being less superstitious than the Jews, make no scruple of sowing a field with a mixture of different grains, whenever they suppose that this may be done with advantage.

GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY.

THE distinction between the origin of Government and the origin of Political Society, is thus defined in Cooper's Letters on the Irish Nation, 1790:—

"From the writings of Aristotle, we are taught to consider the origin of government not as a work of art, or of in-

tellect, much less as the result of contract; but as the consequence of a natural instinctive impulse towards comfort, convenience, and security. Government was not made, created, or covenanted about; but arose out of human nature. It is coeval with society, and society is coeval with man. Laws, indeed, which were afterwards added, are artificial aids and contrivances to prop and support government. They thwart, control, and subject the passions of individuals, in order to prevent their injuring society. But the origin of political society is totally distinct. It was dictated by nature, and cherished by a conviction and sensation of its utility. The same principle of general convenience, which for the well-being of mankind, necessarily gave rise to government, still holds it together, and must ever continue to do so. Utility is thus the moral principle upon which the obedience of citizens and the protection of magistrates rests. It was nature which established the subordinations of servant and master, of family to father, and of wife to husband. These three branches of domestic economy are the germ of all government. *Principium Urbis et quasi Seminarium Reipublicæ.* "The British Government," says Montesquieu, "is one of the wisest in Europe, because there is a body which examines it perpetually, and which is perpetually examining itself; and its errors are of such a nature, as never to be lasting, and are frequently useful, by rousing the attention. In a word, (he adds) a free government, that is to say, one for ever in motion, cannot support itself, unless its own laws are capable of correcting the abuses of it." The benevolent Hanway says, "Government originates from the love of order. Watered by police it grows up to maturity; and in the course of time, spreads a luxuriant comfort and security. Cut off its branches, and the mere trunk, however strong it may appear, can afford no shelter." Police being one of the means by which an improved state of society is produced and preserved, is defined by Mr. Colquhoun to be "a new science; the properties of which consist not in the judicial powers which lead to punishment, and which belong to magistrates alone; but in the prevention and detection of crimes, and in those other functions which relate to internal regulations for the well-ordering and comfort of civil society." "Again," says he, "to effect this purpose, inestimable in a national point of view, and benevolent and humane to all whose vices and enormities it tends to restrain; a police must be resorted to upon the broad

scale of general prevention, mild in its operations, effective in its results; having justice and humanity for its basis, and the general security of the state and individuals for its ultimate object."

F. R.—Y.

Reminiscences.

No. XVI.

DR. JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON was a great tea drinker, and, it is said, has been known to take sixteen cups at a sitting; upon one occasion, not finding the refreshing beverage sweetened to his taste, instead of using the tongs, he put his fingers (which were never any of the *cleanest*) into the sugar basin, and accommodated it to his palate; the lady of the house, gave him a severe look in reproof for his breach of politeness, immediately rung the bell, and desired the servant to bring some more,—the doctor felt the rebuke, but remained silent; and having taken a *quantum suff.* he very deliberately dashed his cup and saucer under the grate: the lady became almost frantic with rage, and asked how he could presume to act so by spilling her best set of curious old china. "Madam," replied the doctor with much warmth, "if by merely once dipping the tip of my fingers in your sugar, it became so entirely contaminated as to be rendered unfit for further use, what a scandalous pollution must have been given to a vessel which has been fifteen times employed in rinsing my throat!"

Johnson being once in company where Foote, as usual all life, was engrossing the whole conversation with puns and quirks, to which the doctor was always extremely averse, observed, that punning was the *lowest* species of wit. True, Sir, replied Sam, and therefore it is the very *foundation* of it. Johnson piqued at the retort, morosely rejoined, "the man who plays with puns would not hesitate to pick pockets."

The doctor was a pretty general attendant at the theatre, and commonly indulged in the habit of talking and laughing very loud to the company in the box—Garrick, who was upon friendly terms with him, took an opportunity to remonstrate on this impropriety, and observed, that "it *hurt his feelings* very much." "What! (answered Johnson, with a sarcastic sneer) what, Sir! *Punch* have feeling?"

Once when disputing with Macklin, Johnson interlarded his sentiments by

* We have often heard this observation attributed to Johnson but doubt it much.—Ed.

continual quotations of Greek and Latin; "I don't understand the classical languages," said Macklin. "A man who pretends to argue," said Johnson, with much self importance, "should understand every language;" "Very well, Sir," said Macklin, and immediately quoted *Irish*.

When ballooning (now all the rage) was first introduced, Sir Thomas Littleton recommended Johnson to ascend with some one, and prove what he had stated in a number of the *Rambler*, that "a fool will ever be a fool in whatever atmosphere you place him;" "that you can easily do, said the doctor, by going up *alone*."

Notwithstanding his general brutal moroseness, Johnson was possessed of much goodness of heart; and it is but due to him to state, that when Goldsmith was greatly embarrassed, he relieved his distress, and also personally disposed of the *Vicar of Wakefield* to a publisher, who, however, did not submit it to the public till the *Deserted Village* becoming popular, encouraged him to bring out that celebrated tale.

JACOBUS.

Miscellanies.

THE FISHING CORMORANT.

THE modern Chinese train up this bird, in all parts of China, for the purpose of fishing, where lakes and canals are very numerous. "To this end," says Buffon, "they are educated as men rear up spaniels, or hawks, and one man can easily manage a hundred. The fisherman carries them out into the lake, perched on the gunnel of his boat, where they continue tranquil, expecting his orders with patient attention. When arrived at the proper place, at the first signal given, each flies a different way to fulfil the task assigned it. It is very pleasant, on this occasion, to behold with what sagacity they portion out the lake, or canal, where they are stationed on duty. They hunt about, they plunge, they rise a hundred times to the surface, till they have at last found their prey; then they seize it in the middle with their beaks, and carry it regularly to their master. When the fish is too long they then give each other mutual assistance; one seizes it by the head, the other by the tail, and in this manner they carry it jointly to the boat: there the boatman stretches out one of his long oars, on which they perch; and, being freed from their burden, they again fly off to pursue their sport. When they are wearied, the proprietor suffers them to

enjoy a short interval of rest, but they are never fed till their task is accomplished. In this manner they supply a very plentiful table; but still their natural gluttony cannot be reclaimed by education. They have always, while they fish, a string tied round their throats, to prevent them from devouring their prey; as otherwise they would at once satiate themselves, and discontinue their pursuit. This bird has a very disagreeable smell, worse than carrion, even in its most healthful state. "Its form," says Mr. Pennant, "is disagreeable; its voice hoarse and croaking; and all its qualities filthy." No wonder, then, that Milton should make Satan resemble this bird, when he describes him as surveying, with pain, the beauties of Paradise, and devising death on the tree of life. And Bishop Newton, in his remarks on Milton's lines, defends the poet's choice of this voracious sea-fowl, as a proper emblem of the destroyer of mankind. The lines are the following:—

"Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd," &c. &c.

And Shakspeare somewhere says—What?
—confound it,—it has slipped my memory. And so I'd better leave off quoting any more, and only quote myself,

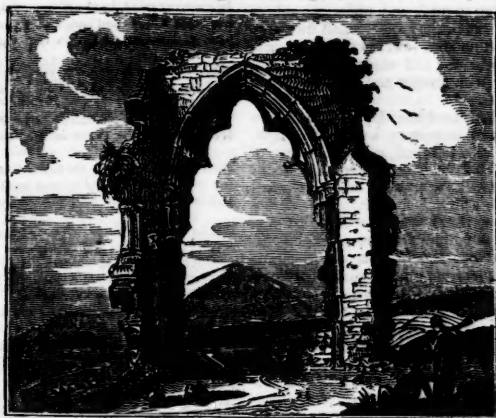
DIEDRICH.

THE AMERICAN COWSLIP.

[The following account of the American Cowslip is copied from No. 7 of "Maund's Botanic Garden," a very elegant little work, which contains every thing that is curious and interesting relating to the hardy flower plants cultivated in Great Britain, their scientific and English names, approved mode of culture, &c. Each number is also enriched with beautifully coloured engravings.—Ed.]

THE American Cowslip (*Dodecatheon Meadia*) is one of those attractive flowers that will bear the most scrutinious examination, and still leave us the more in admiration of its beauties. The grains of the farina or dust of this flower, when inspected with the assistance of a compound microscope, will be found peculiarly beautiful. They are distinctly organized minute pearls, so minute, that one square inch will contain upwards of three millions of them, and as squares cannot be covered by circles, more than one fifth of the space will be left unoccupied: or, to be more particular in numbers, presuming that a square inch will contain three millions of circles in direct rows each way, the area of each circle will be the 3,819,709th parts of the area of an inch.

Dale Abbey, Derbyshire.



THE above view is a correct representation of the sole remaining fragment of the east end of the Chapel of Dale Abbey, Derbyshire, as taken by a young lady in the year 1821; since which time no perceptible alteration has taken place in it. When seen from the surrounding hills, rising from the green, quiet, and open valley, beyond the little scattered village of Dale, no one can fail to be forcibly struck, and delighted with its beauty. As you approach it from the village, to the right is the chapel, built by the god-mother of Serlo de Grendon, and what is most singular, and probably without a parallel in British antiquities, an inn under the same roof, bearing the same indubitable marks of age with the chapel itself. To the left are two picturesque old cottages, partly formed with the ruins of the abbey; in the windows are a few panes of painted glass with inscriptions. About one hundred yards further, a little inclining to the right, is the old hermitage.

"The cave," says the author of the *Forest Minstrel*, "originally scooped by the hermit, is still entire. It is cut in a precipice which stands pleasantly elevated above the valley, and overhung with wood, in full prospect of the fine, lofty, remaining arch of the abbey. It is one of the most picturesque and perfect hermitages remaining in this country, though probably not less than seven hundred years old, the abbey itself being founded in 1204." The following account of this once magnificent and opulent abbey, and the tradition of the origin of the hermitage, and of the Abbey of Dale, given in *Pilking-ton's View of Derbyshire*, affords a curious portrait of eremitical and monkish life:

"This abbey was a religious house of the Premonstratensian order, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. We are furnished with a more full and particular account of it than of any other in Derbyshire. A monk, who belonged to it, has left in manuscript a history of its foundation, as related by Maud de Salicoamara, who built the chapel belonging to the abbey. The following are the principal facts and circumstances related in this history:—

"We are told, that there once lived in the street of St. Mary, in Derby, a baker, who was particularly distinguished by his great charity and devotion. After having spent many years in acts of benevolence and piety, he was, in a dream, called to give a very trying proof of his good principles. He was required by the Virgin Mary to relinquish all his worldly substance; to go to Depedale, and lead a solitary life in the service of her son and herself. He accordingly left all his possessions and departed, entirely ignorant of the place to which he should go. However, directing his course towards the east, and passing through the village of Stanley, he heard a woman saying to a girl, 'Take with thee our calves and drive them to Depedale, and return immediately.' Regarding this event as a particular interposition of divine providence, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and drawing near her, said, 'Tell me, good woman, where is Depedale?' when she gave him this answer, 'Go with the girl, and she, if you please, will show you the place.' Upon his arrival, he found it a very marshy land, and very distant from all human habitation. Pro-

seedling from hence to the east, he came to a rising ground, and under the side of the hill cut in the rock a small dwelling, and built an altar towards the south, and there spent day and night in the divine service, with hunger and cold, and thirst and want.

"It happened one day, that a person of great consequence, by name Ralph, the son of Geremund, came in pursuit of the diversion of hunting into his woods at Ockbrook, and when he approached the place where the hermit lived, and saw the smoke rising from his cave, he was filled with indignation and astonishment, that any one should have the rashness and effrontery to build for himself a dwelling in his woods without his permission. Going then to the place, he found a man clothed with old rags and skins, and inquiring into the cause and circumstances of his case, his anger gave way to the emotions of pity; and to express his compassion, he granted him the ground where his hermitage was situated, and the title of his mill at Burgh (Burrowsash) for his support.

"It is related, that the old enemy of the human race then endeavoured to render him dissatisfied with his condition, but that he resolutely endured all the calamities of his situation. One of the greatest evils which he suffered, was a want of water; however, from this he was relieved by discovering a spring in the western part of the valley; near this he built a cottage and an oratory in honour of the blessed virgin, and ended his days in the service of God."

Serlo de Grendon, lord of Badely, a knight of eminent valour, great wealth, and distinguished birth, who married first, Margery, the daughter of the above Ralph, and afterwards Maud, lady of Celson, gave to his godmother, during her life, the place of Depedale, with its appurtenances, and some other land in the neighbourhood. She had a son, whom she educated for holy orders, that he might perform divine service in her chapel of Depedale, and herself resided at a small distance southward of this situation. But, in a short time afterwards, with the consent and approbation of this venerable matron, Serlo de Grendon, invited canons from Kalke, and gave them the place of Depedale. When these canons were settled here, they, with immense labour and expense, built a church and other offices; their prior also went to the court of Rome, and obtained several important privileges for them; and the place was much frequented by persons of all ranks; some of whom were large benefactors to this religious establishment.

"The Devil, one night, as he chanc'd to sail
In a stormy wind, by the Abbey of Dale,
Suddenly stopp'd and look'd wild with surprise,
That a structure so fair in that valley should
rise:

When last he was there it was lonely and still;
And the hermitage scoop'd in the side of the
hill,

With its wretched old inmate his beads a telling,
Were all could be found of life, dweller, and
dwelling.

The hermit was seen in the rock no more;
The nettle and dock had sprung up at the door;
And each window the fern and the hart's tongue
hung o'er.

Within 'twas dampness and nakedness all:
The virgin, as fair and holy a block
As ever yet stood in the niche of a rock,
Had fall'n to the earth and was broke in the fall.
The holy cell's ceiling, in idle hour,
When haymakers sought it to 'scape from the
shower,

Was scored by their forks in a thousand scars,
Wheels and circles, ovals and stars.
But by the brook in the valley below,
Saint Mary of Dale! what a lordly show!
The Abbey's proud arches and windows bright,
Glitter'd and gleam'd in the full moonlight."

"However, in process of time, when the canons already mentioned had long been separated from the social conversation of men, they became corrupted by the prosperity of their situation, and

"Forsook missal and mass,
To chant o'er a bottle, or shive a lass;
No matins bell call'd them up in the morn,
But the yell of the hounds and the sound of the
horn;

No penance the monk in his cell could stay,
But a broken leg or a rainy day;
The pilgrim that came to the abbey door,
With the feet of the fallow deer found it nail'd
o'er;

The pilgrim that into the kitchen was led,
On Sir Gilbert's venison there was fed,
And saw skins and antlers hang over his head.

"The king hearing of their insolent conduct, commanded them to resign every thing into the hands of their patron, and to return to the place from whence they came. Depedale was not long left desolate, for there soon came hither, from Tapholme, six white canons of the Premonstratensian order."

The abbey was surrendered in 1539, by John Staunton and sixteen monks; and eleven years after the abbey clock was sold for six shillings; the iron, glass, paving stones, and grave stone, for £18; and there were six bells, 47 cwt. The whole number of abbots was sixteen, and the period of their government 312 years, six weeks, and one day.

"From Howitt's 'Forest Minstrel and other Poems;' a quaker production, and as such it might be supposed by many to be of a rigidly serious cast, but the 'Legend of Dale Abbey,' from which we have quoted, has no great claim to that character, since it is a facetious poem.

The abbot's bed, richly adorned in antique style, is yet preserved; and the furniture of the Inn, under the chapel roof, is of oak, quite black with age, doubtless as old as the abbey. A place is shown to visitors where the partition wall betwixt the chapel and Inn, gave way to the thirsty zeal of the pious monks; for tradition honours them with the conceit of having their favourite liquor handed to them through it whilst at mass.

Several years ago when the village underwent some alteration, a great portion of the remains of the abbey were used in mending the roads; many beautiful masses of stone, we are told, were disposed of in this way by its ignorant despoilers. A spirit, or rather disposition of this nature still lingers amongst the men of Dale, who lately proposed to convert the hermitage into a club-room, thinking it would tend to promote their interests, by proving a greater temptation to strangers, than whilst in its venerable and antique state.

SPIRIT OF THE: Public Journals.

APPROVED METHODS OF SETTING HOUSES ON FIRE.

THERE are two or three modes of performing this experiment. The operator may place the candle by the bed-side, on a chair or a table, and suffer the curtain, which must not be carefully looped up, to fall down on it, or she may take the candle into the bed itself, and fall asleep, or lean over it in her night-cap and do the same thing, or forget to snuff it, and allow the mushroom to tumble into her pocket-handkerchief, or to become a thief. Ingenious experimenters will discover other modes of operating; and it is a very good way to hold the candle in the hand when getting into bed, and to whisk it past the curtains. It is a sort of corollary from this mode, that without going to bed, my lady's maid, or the house-maid, should similarly make up the bed, or make it down, which is the proper phrase, with the candle in one hand, and she may then whisk it along the bed curtains or the dimity window curtains, or sit down on the bed with it in her hand; all of which modes we have known highly successful.

Should the experiment be much desired, especial care must be taken that no candle has a glass shade; and if it should succeed, the windows and doors must immediately be opened, and the party must scream and run down stairs; for we have known the experiment utterly fail by the

application, in time, of the water-jug, or by squeezing the diseased part in a towel, or by pulling down the curtains, or shutting the door close and leaving the room quietly.

Thus much respecting beds and curtains, and thus much as to young ladies when they set up to operate on houses. On themselves, they possess other modes of experimenting, by means of muslin, whether in the form of gowns, caps, or handkerchiefs. Such, for example, as sitting or standing near a wood fire, particularly if it be oak and has the bark on, or fir, which answers nearly as well, or standing by any fire when it burns well, and there is an open door or window, and no guard, or reading a romance with the knees inside the fender, or meditating over one with the chin on the hand and the candle under the cap. And in all these cases, should the lady prove as inflammable as the romance and the candle are inflammatory, she should scream and run out of the room, by which means it is probable she will serve as a torch for the curtains, or the chair covers, or the sofas, or the bed, if there happens to be one present, and by which means also she will ensure perfect success as to her own person.

But the fair sex, not being ladies, young or old, possesses other resources, in the shape of nursery maids, laundry maids, kitchen maids, maids of all work, or maids of no work, such as are the housekeeper who keeps a deputy, and my lady's maid. It is necessary that the nursery maid should have a fire, or how should she boil the infant's pap, or make a "comfortable drop of tea" for herself? And she must keep it alive all night, that she may dry the clouts. Or rather, because that is too much trouble, she makes a roaring fire before she goes to bed, the clouts begin to singe, the children and the nurse try which shall anore the loudest, the clouts flame, the horse takes fire, so does the wainscoat, and then the ceiling, and then "the neighbours are alarmed, and cry out, Fire," and a successful experiment is the result.

But we can instruct the nursery maid, the laundry maid, the kitchen maid, all the maids, how to effect their purposes in another way, not less efficacious, and as little suspected. When a kettle is to be lifted off the fire, it is apt to be hot in the handle, and to burn the fingers, a towel is a convenient intermedium. The towel, being dry and hot, is seized on by the point of a flame, or a spark, and it is then proper to throw it over a chair back, or into a corner, or into any other combustible place. The spark spreads into a

circle, as it does in a tinder box, or wanders about like the parson and the clerk when a child "has burnt to tinder some stale last year's news," and, in due time, the engines arrive, and Nobody has set the house on fire. We vouch for the success of this experiment, because it once succeeded perfectly well with us on a bit of wainscoat.

All these methods, however, bear a certain air of vulgarity; for which reason we shall point out at least one elegant mode of effecting this desirable object. Being founded on optical principles, it cannot fail to be acceptable to the ladies who have learnt their *Ologies*, who know the length of Captain Kater's pendulum, think Captain Basil Hall a greater man than Cook, Frobisher, and Raleigh united.

This expedient is perfectly Galilean, and consists in choosing a globular decenter, which is to be filled with water (ladies, the water needs not be distilled), and then placing it on some sunshiny day, supposing that such a thing ever happens in England, in the sunshine, on a table, in a window, covered (the table) with a fair toilette table-cloth. The focus (that is the word,) concentrating the sun-beams, and—in short, sets the house on fire. It is even so indeed; for we have known it happen twice. As to other scientific and chemical means of producing the same results, such as by a phosphorus bottle, or a bottle of oxymuriatic matches, they are too vulgar to be introduced into so profound a treatise as this. Nor need we inform school-boys how they may manage for the same purposes by gunpowder and squibs, since we profess to deal only in the obscurer and more profound expedients for exciting what the lawyers call arson.

The cook, the kitchen maid, the scullery maid, the whole genus dealing in fires and the great art of nutrition, possess such obvious means of their own, of making fireworks of any dimensions, suited to the scales of their respective houses, that we consider it beneath our dignity to descend into their regions.

With respect to the stable, the quintessence of the pyrotechnic art, in this case, is for the coachman and grooms, and stable boys, one, each, or all, to get drunk, and the drunker the better. That being done, it is proper to lie down on the hay with the candle burning, or to go up into the hay loft similarly, or to amuse themselves with setting fire to spiders, or smoking, or with drinking still more, if they have not drunk enough already. Drunk or sober, it is not amiss to have a nocturnal assignation with some gentle air one at midnight, to clap the candle under a stable bucket as a substitute for

a dark lantern, and forget it, or else to tumble it into the hay in the confusion of the moment, or, finally, to prevent discovery, whether of this, of purloined oats, stolen hay, or a stolen horse, fairly set the whole on fire. That it is generally judged good policy to fire a stable occasionally, is indicated by that exquisite invention a stable lantern, partaking of all the obvious qualities of a safety lamp, and unquestionably the hint whence it was derived. If, indeed, it is nothing to the purpose of safety, if a spark may fly out, or a straw get in, conducting to other straws, it is very much to the purpose which we have here all along kept in view.

Our advice to bricklayers, carpenters, and plumbers, admits of being brief, for we cannot teach them much. They are adepts already. Bond timber is, however, the fundamental secret; because brick and lime being naturally incombustible, inasmuch as they have both been burnt already, no other method of destroying the walls with the interior, the shell with the oyster, could have been devised. Luckless was the day, and dark the hour, that substituted stamped and taxed paper, amianthine paper paste and lime, for fat, red, fiery Norway fir; but he was no small philosopher in fire, who taught us to build houses on drumsticks, that, like mousetraps, they might tumble at the pulling of a trigger.

But even bond timber will not burn unless it receives the contact of the element destined to communicate life and motion to the dormant and sluggish mass; and how should the whole mine of beams and timbers, and rafters and floors, be taught to aspire to heaven, unless the train were laid which may in due time rescue them from their bondage, and make them exult in liberty, hailing their emancipation in crackling and sparkling bonfires. The train is laid into the chimney, and where better could it be laid? This, at least, is the most efficacious; but it occasionally succeeds if laid below the hearth stone; where, gradually drying, more gradually charring, perhaps favoured by some delicate crevice to admit air, or a spark, it is at length found that the house smells strangely of burning wood, then smells of smoke, then smells of fire, and, at length becomes sensible to the rest of the seven senses, and to the insurance office. As to the plumbers, they understand so well the art of burning down a church or a cathedral, that we need not lose our labour in attempting to instruct them.

It is often convenient to burn down divers manufactories of various kinds, but the modes are endless, and would exhaust

our patience. Yet we particularly recommend to varnish makers and the rest of this fraternity, always to work at an open fire, because if they used any furnace of any kind, this desirable event could never happen. Carpenters, chemists, distillers, bakers, and the rest, must be allowed to follow the established rules in this art, for we doubt if we could teach them any thing new.

Powder millers, we believe, may yet learn from us; though they have hitherto appeared to understand their trade tolerably well, as Hounslow can testify. It is highly necessary to grind their combustible dust with stones, because these are noted for striking fire, even though they be limestones, and never to use iron or copper, because then a mill could not possibly blow up. For the same reason, it is expedient that the powder should be granulated in the midst of its own dust; that, amid the said dust, cranks should be revolving and gudgeons grinding in their sockets, and that care should be taken not to oil them too much, lest they should not become hot enough to fire, first the dust, then the powder, lastly the house; terminating all with a dispersion of heads, legs, and arms, into the air.*—*London Magazine*.

* "Dean Swift's Advice to Servants" is well known, as it has been published in all shapes and at all prices. Under the mask of advising servants how to screen faults, it ironically exposes their tricks, and was vindicated on the ground of its putting masters and mistresses on their guard, but in the present age of cheap literature and universal education, when many young servants are better read than their old masters, we have some doubts whether Swift's Advice to Servants has not instructed more servants how to conceal faults, than masters and mistresses how to detect them. "The Approved Methods of Setting Houses on Fire" is a very ingenious essay, on the same plan as that of Swift, but of less equivocal advantage, since it is not likely that any person in reading it will be tempted to endanger his neck by committing arson. It is, in fact, an admirable ironical exposure of the careless habits by which fires are occasioned, and the writer, towards the conclusion, after expressing a wish to make carelessness punishable, shows his real object, and justly remarks, that "the lady, or the lady's maid who reads a romance in bed, the plumber who melts his lead on a wooden roof, the stable boy who falls asleep with his candle in the hay, know that they may set fire to their respective places, and they must all know the amount of the consequences. It is so with many more cases; and, we will venture to say, that nine-tenths of our fires are the produce of neglect or wantonness that might have been avoided, and that would be avoided if there were a threatened punishment held out."—ED.

The Nobelist.

No. LXXVI.

JOHN DOE.*

THE old devotion to private skirmishing of the Irish peasantry is well known. Skirmishing would, indeed, be too mild a word to express the ferocious encounters that often took place among them when parties, or, as they are locally termed, factions of fifty or a hundred met, by appointment, to wage determined war; when blood profusely flowed, and sometimes lives were lost. On festival days, when they met at a "pattern," or merry-making, the lively dance of the girls, and the galloping jig-note of the bag-pipes, usually gave place to the clattering of alpeens and the whoops of onslaught; when kicking up of a "scrimmage" was as much matter of course, as the long draughts of ale or whiskey that closed a bargain. At one of these patterns, two young officers, Graham and Howard, quartered in Ireland, attended. Graham danced with the peasant girls, and every thing was perfectly quiet, and even jovial, and the officers were afraid they would be disappointed of a row, when Paddy Flinn suddenly seized an alpeen, and upsetting every person and thing in his way, flourished the weapon, and made a deadly blow at a gentlemanly-dressed man who was just entering. The foremost of a considerable body of peasants who came in with this person guarded off the blow, and in turn struck at the aggressor. Their sticks crossed and clattered; but at last Paddy felled his man, crying out at the same time, as the rest of the hostile party pressed upon him—"Where are ye, my boys, abroad!—Come on, for the right cause!—Look after Purcell!—he's goin' to escape!"—then, turning to the people in the tent—"neighbours, neighbours!—neighbours an' all good christhens!—stand up for honest men!—This is the devil's-bird, Purcell! stand up for the orphans he made! for the widow he kilt! for the daughter he ruined, and the son that's far away!—who!"

"Such, indeed, was the case; Purcell

* We have abridged this highly interesting novel from the Tales of the O'Hara Family, recently published; a work which critics unite in considering as approaching more nearly to the Scottish novels, than any work of fiction that has been produced. The knowledge the author displays of Irish life, and the admirable delineation of character in the Tales of the O'Hara Family, portrayed as it is by vigorous and graphic description, gives an apparent reality to the romance, and a body to what is in reality but a picture.—ED.

was a tithe-proctor, a demon in human shape. Privately he stirred up the wretched and ignorant people around him to resist rack-rents that he threw by as privately exacting. When he got them involved by his agents, he informed against them, running their blood into money. Those who held lands on reasonable terms he thus contrived to turn adrift on this world, or launch into the next, bidding for the vacant land himself, and then letting it at tenfold its value, to starving creatures, who, though they sweated like the beasts of the field, which they do, could not meet their rent-day. There was one family in particular, a mother, and a son and daughter, and an old grandfather; the father was long dead. Purcell, by his underhand practices, ensnared the son, a lad of eighteen or nineteen, in nightly combinations; then he arraigned him before the landlord; and then, for their lease was expired, son and all were turned out of their home, the old man and all; all except the daughter."

"And what became of her?" said Howard, to Sullivan the narrator.

"Villain! eternally damned villain!" exclaimed Sullivan in another burst, and while his youthful face and figure took a stern and formidable appearance; "what became of her? He had trod her down beforehand—seduced her, and she went with him into his house. She left her sick-mother, and her old grandfather, on the field before their own door, and turned to the menial hearth of him who—pardon me—the night wears—we walk too slow."

"Pray continue; what of the rest of this poor family?"

The narrator, touched perhaps as well by Howard's evident sympathy, as by the subject he was about to enter on, answered in a broken voice—

"The mother, as I said, was ill: she could get no farther than the ridge that gave her a last look of her old cottage. She sat there till night came on. 'Twas a bad night—and she died in it," he added, with a voice scarcely audible.

"Dreadful!—and the son?"

"The wretched son was not then at home. He returned with an oath to revenge his poor mother. Purcell gained information of his purpose, and, at the head of a body of soldiers, hunted him through the country. In the north the boy escaped him; and there, it is believed, took shipping for America."

The name of the victim of Purcell's infamy was Cauthleen Kavanagh. The villain had not however found the destruction of this now helpless creature an easy exploit. She had withstood his smiles, his oaths, and his ardours—his

gold she at once spurned—until, in the fervency of passion, even the constitutionally calm villain had given her, in writing, a solemn promise of marriage. Then she fell, and with her all her influence, attraction, and hopes. Years passed over without any disposition on Purcell's part to perform his contract; and the victim could at first only weep, and kneel to him for mercy and justice, and then, when she gradually saw the nature of the man to whom she had abandoned herself, and felt in words and acts the effect of that nature in reply to her supplications, the wretched girl could only mourn in silence; or if she did speak, it was in the tone of a poor slave abjectly begging a favour, rather than in the voice of conscious right demanding the fulfilment of an obligation.

Purcell began to get rich, and became weary of poor Cauthleen of whom he wanted to get rid, in order that he might marry Mary Grace, the daughter of a rich attorney; but before he did this, it became necessary to get back his written promise, which she kept carefully. Repeatedly he demanded it, and one night more earnestly than ever.

"Where is it? Cauthleen, I must see that cursed scribble, for your own sake; I have a particular reason. Go for it. 'Tis in your room, isn't it?—Why don't you go?—then I'll go myself—and by—drawer, box, or press, shall not keep it from me—I'll break them into splinters sooner than let it escape me"—and he rose and took a candle.

"Stay, Stephen," said Cauthleen, also rising—"it would be useless—quite useless—indeed it would—that paper is not in any room in the house—I declare solemnly it is not."

A startling apprehension crossed Purcell's mind at those words, and, resuming his seat, he said—

"Then you have sent it to the attorney?—What! is that the way you would treat me?"

The reproach, the insult, the voice and manner completely overpowered Cauthleen, and she sunk into her chair convulsed with tears.

"Answer!—have you sent it away? have you put it out of your hands?—answer, I say!" and he took her violently by the shoulder.

"Spare me, spare me, Stephen," cried Cauthleen, falling on her knees—"I have not sent it out of the house to any one—I could never send it where you say—indeed I could not."

"Where is it then, woman?" he asked, stamping, and holding out his clenched hands. At this moment Cauth-

leen drew a handkerchief from her bosom, and a crumpled slip of paper fell on the carpet. One glance of Purcell's eye recognized the long-sought document, and he was stooping to pick it up, but Cauthleen hastily anticipated him, snatched it, and restored it to her bosom.

"I'll have it by heaven!" exclaimed Purcell, stooping towards her; but Cauthleen, starting up, rushed into a corner, and there again kneeling, addressed him,—

"Do not, do not, Purcell!" she said, "I'll give it to you when you hear me—to-morrow when you hear me calmly, I'll give it to you—do not," raising her voice, and wringing her hands as he approached—"for the love of that heaven whose love we have both missed!"

"So," resumed Purcell, now standing over her, "you had it about you at the very time I asked for it, and you would not let me see it!"

"You should not be angry with me for that, Stephen; I'll tell you about it—when you are away from me, and that I am quite alone in the world, I draw out that paper and read it over and over, and kiss it, and cry over it, and lay it on my heart—'tis my only hope—and, if there is any, my only shadow of excuse to myself and before God."

"Nonsense!—trash!—folly!—give it into my hand this moment!"—and he caught her by the wrists.

"And sometimes, Stephen," she ran on, out of breath, blinded in tears, and struggling with him—

"Sometimes I steal up with it to the cradle where our last and only boy lies sleeping—the rest were taken from us, one by one, for a judgment—we deserved that curse—and there I kneel down by the infant's side, and ask him, in a voice that would not waken a bird, to look at it, and understand it, and see that he is not entirely the child of shame, and that his mother is not entirely the guilty creature they will tell him she is."

"Come, Cauthleen," interrupted Purcell, bending on one knee, and using more force—"give it me, if you have any fears for yourself!"—but in the paroxysm of passion that Cauthleen felt, he encountered more resistance than he had expected; and, exasperated to the utmost by her continued struggling, the mean and cowardly ruffian did that which we blush and burn to record—he raised his clenched hand—it fell—Cauthleen fell under it—and Purcell got possession of the paper, and instantly approached the fire. Cauthleen, though stunned and stupefied, wildly understood his movement, and screamed and tottered after him; but she was too

late; Purcell cast it into the flame, and then saying—"There—since we have so often quarrelled about it, that's the only way to end disputes," sunk into his seat.

Cauthleen, with clasped hands, and her tears now dried up at their source, looked a moment at the fire, and then in the hollow tones of despair said—

"And now you can wive with Mary Grace to-morrow."

Purcell, at first startled, turned quickly round; but his features only wore a bitter mockery, while he asked—

"Who told you that fine story, Cauthleen?"

"Never ask me, Purcell, but answer me!" she exclaimed, in a manner the very opposite to her late meekness and timidity—"is it true?—am I not to be your wife indeed?—after all your oaths—the oaths that stole me from my mother's side, and then broke my mother's heart—will you take Mary Grace to yourself, and leave shame as well as sorrow on Cauthleen?"

"Fear nothing; I'll provide for you."

"It is true, then?—and this, at last, is to be the lot of Cauthleen Kavanagh?—and at your hands?—whose?—the hands that brought ruin on all of her name!"

"Silence, Cauthleen—or—"

"Or what?—you'll make me? how?—kill me?—do—I wish it—ask for it—expect it. Yes, Purcell, I expect it—the robber—the perjurer and the murderer need not disappoint me!"

"Fool! take care what words you speak—and listen to me in patience—I courted and won you, because I loved you:—listen to me!—I can love you no longer—and why should we live in hatred together?"

"Cursed be the hour I saw you, Purcell!—accursed the false words that drew me, from virtue and happiness, under your betraying roof—your roof that I now pray God may fall on us as we stand here damning each other!—oh! I am punished! I trusted the plunderer of my family, and the murderer of my mother and my brother, and I am punished!"

"I told you to have a care, Cauthleen," said Purcell, starting from his seat, pale, haggard, and trembling with rage—"I warned you to weigh your words, and you will not;" and his distended eye glanced on a fowling-piece that hung over the chimney.

"I know what you mean, Purcell!" resumed Cauthleen, in a still wilder frenzy—"I saw where your eye struck—and knowing and seeing this, I say again, robber and murderer, do it!"

"By the holy saints—then!" he exclaimed, snatching at the weapon of death.

"Aye, by the saints and all! The murderer will not want an oath—pull your trigger, man!—but, stop a moment!—first hear that!"

Purcell had the piece in his hand, and was raising it, when the faint cry of an infant reached them from an inside room; his face grew black, and he flung the weapon on the ground, and turned away.

"Leave my house," he added, after a moment's pause.

"You and your brat together—leave it this instant!"

"I will," muttered Cauthleen—"I intended to do it:" she rushed through a door, and returned with the infant on her arm.

"The night draws on, Purcell," Cauthleen continued, "and it was just in such a night you sent my mother from our own old home, that, in her agony and sickness, too, the cold blast might deal on her. I leave you, praying that it may so deal on me! My mother cursed you as she went; I pray to have that curse remembered! and I add mine! take both, Purcell—the mother's first—the daughter's last—may they cling to you!"

Having spoken these words, Cauthleen caught closer in her arms the wretch they encircled, and, bare headed and unmantled, rushed out of the house of crime. After an instant's lapse, Purcell heard her wild and already distant scream mingling with the wail of her baby, and the bitter gust of the cold winter night.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

NUMBER OF GRAINS OF CORN IN A BUSHEL.

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE farmer has given the following as the result of an experiment to ascertain the weight and number of a Winchester bushel of each of the unmentioned sorts of grain:—

	Wt. in lbs.	No. in grains.
Wheat.....	62	550,000
Barley.....	62½	520,000
Oats.....	32	1,260,000
Poplar Peas.....	64	110,000
Horse Beans.....	64	37,000

ARMSTRONG, THE JESTER.

THE custom of keeping jesters or fools at court ceased with Archibald Armstrong in the reign of Charles the First. Archy, as he was usually called, lies interred in

the church-yard of his native parish of Aruthret, in Cumberland; and by an odd incident suitable to his profession, the day of his funeral happened to be the first of April. Archy had long shot his bolt with great applause, till he unfortunately fell upon Archbishop Laud, for which he was degraded, had his fool's coat pulled over his head, and was expelled the court. When the news arrived of the tumults in Scotland, occasioned by an attempt to introduce the Liturgy there, Archy unluckily met the Archbishop, and had the imprudence to say to his grace, "Who is fool now?" Of this the prelate complained to the privy council, to which he was then going, and in consequence, the following entry was made in the council book, "Ordered that Archibald Armstrong, the king's fool, be banished the court for speaking disrespectful words of the Archbishop of Canterbury."

According to Howell, Archy had the honour of attending Charles, when Prince of Wales, on his romantic expedition to Spain, where his fool's coat gained him admittance into the presence of the Infanta and her ladies of honour, who were pleased with his wit and extravagance. One day they were discussing what a marvellous thing it was, that the Duke of Bavaria, with less than fifteen thousand men, after a long march, should encounter and defeat the Palgrave's army, consisting of above twenty-five thousand, in consequence of which, Prague was taken. When Archy heard this, he answered, that he could tell them a stranger thing than that, "for was it not very surprising (says he) that in the year 1588, there should come a fleet of one hundred and forty ships from Spain to invade England, and that not ten of them could get back to tell what became of the rest."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to the numerous inquiries when we shall resume the *Music* in the MIRROR, we have the pleasure to inform our readers that "*The Spaniard to his Country*," an original patriotic Ballad, written and arranged to a Spanish melody never before published, and dedicated to General Mina, shall appear in the course of the present month.

Risior; *Jacobus*; *Clara*, and *S. Ball* shall have early insertion. The drawings forwarded by *S. O. B.*, and *M.* shall be engraved; in the mean time we beg them to accept our best thanks. We believe *Mr. Wilkin* is mistaken, and that the *Lines to a Kiss* which a correspondent attributed to Burns are as old as the time of Dryden.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.